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and BYSTANDER

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Marcus Adams

The Hon. Mrs. John Hare and Joanna

The wife of Major the Hon. John Hare, R.A., was the Hon. Nancy Pearson before her marriage in 1934, and is the second of Viscount Cowdray's five sisters. Her husband, who is the Earl of Listowel's second brother, is serving with the First Army. Major and Mrs. Hare have a family of three, Mary Anne, born in 1936, a son, Michael, who is five, and the youngest, Joanna, who was born last year, seen in this picture with her mother. Mrs. Hare is a member of the W.V.S.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Retreat

ONE thing is certain, Hitler has ceased to have any control over the German armed forces. The wholesale retreat in Russia is the work of the German General Staff directed partly by military necessity and largely by political cunning. Had Hitler been in control I have no doubt that he would have insisted on a fierce fight to the finish in a dramatic to-the-death struggle as he did at Stalingrad. His intuition, as well as his gambler's mentality,

salvos to be fired by the guns of Moscow. I repeat, we are about to enter a vital and revealing phase of the war.

Determination

IN his message to Congress, President Roosevelt declared that the aim of the Allies was not only to smash the Nazi Party but to root out Prussian militarists who have so long dominated Germany. Mr. Churchill reinforced this aim when in the House of Commons he asserted that the core of Germany is Prussia, and that Prussia was the source of the recurring pestilence. "Nazi tyranny and Prussian militarism are the two main elements in German life which must be absolutely destroyed. They must be absolutely rooted out if Europe and the world are to be spared a third and still more frightful conflict." These declarations demonstrate the unity of Anglo-American aims, all that is needed is the adherence of Russia to this policy. To obtain her adherence will be the principal object of the proposed Three Power Conference which is to be held in Moscow, and not London, as was expected, when Mr. Anthony Eden will represent Great Britain. Not until he and M. Molotov and the representative of the American Government have hammered out an agreed policy relating to Germany in particular will it be possible to express any confidence in the prospects of a meeting between President Roosevelt, Marshal Stalin and Mr. Churchill. Obviously these discussions between the three Powers are the most vital of this war. The future shape and substance of Europe, and the world, will depend on these deliberations. They will decide whether there is to be ordered peace or chaos, or merely another form of domination.

Reaction

GERMAN propagandists are doing their utmost to prepare the people of Germany for bad news. How will the continued retreat in Russia affect the Germans? I have a feeling that instead of depressing morale it will come with a sense of relief. It may even brace the German population to a more determined defence of their own territory. But as President Roosevelt pointed out, what is the good of a fortress without a roof? One of the most striking statements made by Mr. Churchill was that the Royal Air Force alone is maintaining in action in all theatres nearly fifty per cent more first-line aircraft than Germany, who is being forced to build fighters at the expense of bombers. One effect of the bombing of Germany by British and American forces has been to drive home the certain fact to the Germans that no longer can they hope for victory. We do know that they long for peace, and I for one believe that they are ready and willing to make peace with anybody. This is the real significance of the declarations made by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. Unity among the Allies is, therefore, all the more necessary now than at any other time if the Germans are to be thoroughly defeated and prevented from causing a third war.

Now is the time to prepare for dragging out the teeth of Prussian militarism for all time. The German leaders—not Hitler, Goering and

Goebbels—know what this means and I am certain that in the next few months they will do their utmost to avert this fate. They will try to deceive the Allies and to divide them, and, if possible, make peace with one or all of them in the hope of fighting another day in a war of revenge.

Doomed

ANYBODY who heard the voice which is supposed to be that of Mussolini, or who has studied the photograph of him, will realise that he is a spent force. All his swagger has gone. He looks and acts and speaks like an old man whose day is done. It must have been a grim meeting for Hitler when he shook hands with Mussolini. In the once bombastic and assertive Duce, Hitler must have seen his own future facing him. It is interesting that Mussolini should have admitted his intention to commit suicide rather than allow himself to be captured by the Allies. Hitler is supposed to have the same mentality, but clearly he is a more cunning man than Mussolini. He may imagine that fate or luck has something better in store for him. Until his fate is sealed, we cannot afford to underrate Hitler and his mystic powers, and neither can the German generals. As a warrior he has had some striking successes and has certainly left his mark on the world as a political force. He may be in the background now, but until he is dead or captured he will be a problem for the world, a man to be watched.

Task

A FRIEND back from India the other day told me that Lord Wavell's success as Viceroy will be judged by the way he organises and distributes food to the masses. My informant believes that India's fundamental problem is food and not political awakening. News of famine in Bengal Province reinforces this opinion. Lord Wavell will need to be a strong and determined man if he is to break down the present obstructions which prevent a fair and adequate distribution of food. We know that he is a modest but thoughtful man. His speech to The Pilgrims the other day in London was a model of thoughtfulness. He asserted that we have been guided too much by two terrible slogans, "Safety first" and



Mr. Churchill Comes Home

On board the battleship H.M.S. Renown, in which he returned from his seven weeks' visit to Canada and the U.S.A., Mr. Churchill bids goodbye to Capt. W. E. Parry on his arrival in Britain

would have demanded this sacrifice regardless of the cost. The retreat, which promises to grow in magnitude, shows the measure of his failure. He is nothing more than a figurehead who will be used as and when necessary by the real leaders of Germany to save them from their fate. Goering has receded into the background, too. All the German boastfulness has disappeared. They begin to speak and act grimly. The Germans admit that they have no strategic reserves. They assert that they are seeking a shorter line on which to stand and fight.

Undoubtedly we are reaching a climax in this amazing Russian campaign; it may become a stalemate, or even a compromise. The Russians, with the aid of American trucks and British war material, are striving to keep the German armies engaged. As they sweep on in pursuit Marshal Stalin orders more and more



Holborn Presentation

Lady Louis Mountbatten, who presented a shield to the Holborn Ambulance and Nursing Divisions on behalf of Mecca Cafés, Ltd., is seen with the Mayor of Holborn and Lord Southwood (Presidents of the Ambulance and Nursing Divisions)



British Mission Studies Japanese Campaigns

Here are members of the British Military, Naval and Air Mission now co-operating with the U.S.A. in planning future anti-Japanese operations: Rear-Admiral H. W. Goolden, Gen. J. S. Lethbridge (head of the Mission), Air/Cdre. L. L. MacLean, and behind: Surg. Capt. H. W. Fitzroy Williams and G./Capt. W. I. Clements



Lady Brocklehurst Meets General Montgomery

During General Montgomery's tour of Sicily, on the eve of the Italian invasion, he talked to Lady Brocklehurst, who is said to be the only Englishwoman on the island. She was running the Y.M.C.A. canteens for the troops

"Business as usual." Went on Lord Wavell, "... the years between the two great wars are a period which I think both (Britain and America) our nations will want to forget, a period when mind and body grew slack; when courage and toughness seemed to be rated at lower value than of old; when cleverness was reckoned of more account than character; when leadership was gained by caution rather than by daring; and when comfort and personal advantage were being preferred to duty." These are brave words. They are the thoughts of a soldier and not of a politician. As a soldier Lord Wavell showed his merit when, with tiny forces and poor equipment, he swept the Italians hundreds of miles before him in the

desert. We are about to see him in the role of administrator and political leader of India's millions. If he is guided at all times by the thoughts he expressed to The Pilgrims, he seems to be assured of success as Viceroy.

Loss

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD was the most genial politician I have ever met. His sudden death was a shock to all who knew him, and a loss to the Government. He carried heavy responsibilities with apparent lightness of heart, in the same way as he waged many a political battle. In the House of Commons he gained a reputation as a skilled debater, not because he possessed any of the powers of

oratory, but largely because of his quick mind and assiduous application to politics. He could stalk, uncover and humble an opponent with great determination, and when the battle was over there was his cherubic smile which was so disarming and so full of friendship. Nobody would have imagined him as the head of one of the departments of the fighting Services, but there is no doubt that he did exceptionally good work as Secretary of State for Air before the war started and until 1940 when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. If anything, he was more happy at the Treasury, where the work appealed to his analytical mind and the responsibility was suited to his character.



A Tip for the St. Leger?

Lord Derby had something urgent to say to Lord Halifax at The Pilgrims' luncheon to Lord Wavell, which took place two days before Lord Derby won the St. Leger with his filly, Herringbone. Could this have been the subject of their conversation?



People of Importance at a Polish Reception

Gen. Sosnokoewski, Polish C-in-C., the Polish Ambassador, and Major-General Carton de Wiart were photographed at the reception held at the Polish Embassy. General Carton de Wiart, recently returned from Italy, where he was a prisoner, distributed prizes for an essay on Anglo-Polish relations. He has himself spent much time in Poland

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Nonsense and Stuff

By James Agate

SOME years ago Mr. Thomas Burke wrote an article in the *Referee* showing how the Cockney really talks. He wrote:—

The Cockney gamin does not talk in words. He talks in sounds. He does not say "Wot erbaht goin' aht fer ther dye," or anything so clipped and definite as that. He slurs it to "Wodda buht go nuht f'th'daey."

Here is a genuine eclogue, overheard on a bus, between Putney and Fulham:

"Lo, Bert. Wodger do Saddy?" "Din do nuthin. Wodjoo do?" "Bidda gardnin. Wenna pigchers."

"Wodgersee?" "O, silly muck . . . Ow-zerni?" "Ernizallright. Gottarise."

"Gottarise? A? Cor! Nomenny rises buht now." "Nohw. Biddaluck frim. Ecu do withit." "Betecan. Well, seeya seevening."

I have quoted the foregoing, not as a contribution to the current controversy about Basic English but because of the devastating description of "pigchers" as "silly muck."

I SHALL not mention the six geniuses who concocted *They Met in the Dark* (London Pavilion) because two of them are friends of mine. It is the silliest film I have ever seen, even for a British studio, and it has the additional honour of featuring the screen's most nitwitted heroine, Laura Verity (Joyce Howard). Laura comes over from Canada to become a W.R.E.N. Her first step towards the fulfilment of this laudable desire is to visit the villa of her two uncles, retired seamen—who have rejoined the Merchant Service—situated in the environs of Blackpool. She finds nobody at home except the body of a dead girl, afterwards identified as a manicurist, lying on a bed and clasping a torn scrap of notepaper inscribed "Child's Theatrical Agency." Laura informs the police, who go with her to the villa only to find that the dead girl has disappeared and that the bed has been made. At a later period the body is discovered acting as a scarecrow in the garden!!!! In the outskirts of Blackpool, if you please.

But the police don't believe Laura's story, and she has, of course, managed to lose the scrap of paper; this had been picked up by Commander Heritage (James Mason) with whom she is pettishly in love. We have previously seen this officer being court-martialled and dismissed from the Navy presumably for being in possession of the kind of beard Whitehall grows to flaunt in the Café Royal and weather the storms on the Round Pond.

Presently the little goose remembers the name of the theatrical agency, but this time she does not go to the police. She decides that she herself must track down the murderer. With which object she visits Mr. Child (Tom Walls) and narrowly escapes being strangled by a professional thought-reader, Riccardo (Karel Stepanek). In addition to the Blackpool agency, Child also runs a cabaret in Liverpool, where, in addition to Riccardo, he has as associates a gentleman in a dinner-jacket (Ronald Ward), a Master of Ceremonies (Walter Crisham), an illusionist (Eric Mason), a hypnotist (name not disclosed), and a mouth-harmonica player (Ronald Chesney).

It now appears that all these are fifth columnists in the pay of the Nazis, and that their stunt is to steal sealed orders sticking out of the breast pockets of naval officers having a last fling ashore. They translate the orders into code, which code, it appears, has its equivalent in musical annotation. (The officer is given another set of orders, of course.) Here the B.B.C. innocently takes a hand with its broadcast of one of Child's entertainments, whereby the mouth-harmonica player lets the Nazis know over the air the time and place of the convoy's departure. Fortunately at this point the Navy wakes from its winter sleep and gives the tip to the B.B.C. to cut transmission. The police arrive and the nefarious Child and his gang having demonstrated their guilt—C Dandelion, E Commander Fitzjuggins, F sharp Thursday, A midnight—are marched off to

trial. Why Riccardo strangled the manicurist, or who removed the body and made the bed, or why the same trick was attempted on Laura, except that she richly deserved it for her maddening imbecilities, is not vouchsafed. To enjoy this film I should have to be: (a) seven years of age, or (b) drunk, or (c) very much in love in a very dark cinema.

Why do our film actors lend themselves to such preposterous nonsense? This goes for Edward Rigby, George Robey, Herbert Lomas, Phyllis Stanley and Jeanne de Casalis in addition to the above-named. The point is not that these distinguished artists give poor performances. On the contrary, they give very good ones. And they are so obviously in their right artistic minds that one wonders why they didn't call the whole thing off half-way through the making. I feel I ought not to omit Alvar Lidell, who, as the radio announcer, looks exactly as he used to sound.

ABOUT *Salute to the Marines* (Empire) I can find nothing to say except that it tells, at great length and in Technicolor, how Wallace Beery turned some peaceable Filipinos into highly accomplished soldiers. Nothing in this picture shakes, and I doubt if even a British picture could shake, my conviction that Beery is a very fine actor.

MY verdict on *Millions Like Us* is necessarily short; it is nevertheless sweet. I regard this film as one of the best that has ever come out of a British studio. It is simple, direct, sincere, true and not without wit. But it breaks one rule—that romantic stories should end romantically. The core of the picture—which deals with life in an aircraft factory—is a charming little idyll centering in the almost inarticulate love-affair of a sergeant in the Air Force and a young girl in the factory. A kind of village Romeo and Juliet. Now Stevenson laid it down long ago that all stories about hidden treasure must end with the discovery of the treasure. Similarly idylls must end idyllically. The fact that in real life and in war time young husbands do get killed is not the point. Films which are to have tragic endings should be implicitly tragic from the start. This one isn't, and I think it would have been artistically better if this young couple had been left in possession of their happiness. To use a singularly demoded jargon, both have gone to our hearts. Probably because of the beautiful playing of Gordon Jackson and Patricia Roc.

Then there is that admirable player Eric Portman. There are two Portmans—one the suave villain and the other the honest Yorkshire tyke. I have just room for a little story which this delightful actor is fond of telling against himself. Have I told it before? That is no reason why I should not tell it again. At the beginning of a tour with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, that tempestuous lady was wont to ask: "Where is that nice Mr. Portman?" One day he dared to disagree with her on some minor point, after which she would invariably say: "Where is that nasty Mr. Portman?" In the present film we see Portman at his best. The picture is entertaining stuff, and I recommend readers to look out for it when, on October 10, it comes to the Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion.



"They Met In The Dark" is A Spy Drama Centred Round Blackpool (Tivoli)

Produced by Marcel Hellman from a screen play by Anatole de Grunwald and Miles Malleon, "They Met in the Dark" is the story of a young Canadian (Joyce Howard) who, arriving over here to join the W.R.N.S., finds herself unwittingly involved in a complicated drama of espionage and murder. Co-starring with her are James Mason as Commander Heritage, R.N., who has been wrongfully dismissed the Service, and Tom Walls as Christopher Child, proprietor of Child's Agency, which masks behind the harmless exterior of a theatrical concern and dance hall the activities of a gang of spies. In discovering the true activities of Child's Agency the hero and heroine also discover the instigators of the trouble which caused ex-Commander Heritage's earlier disgrace

"King's Row"

Frustrated Love, Madness, Murder, Suicide and Fanatical Sadism are Combined in this Small-town Drama of the Early Century

The film *King's Row* has been adapted from the novel by Henry Bellamann and is directed by Sam Wood. Opening in the year 1890, it follows through childhood and adolescence to maturity the lives of five young people. Only one of them—a girl from the unfashionable part of the town—manages to achieve any continuity of happiness. The others, with all the material advantages, fail either through some fault of their own or through some more tragic sequence of heredity. The film is an intensely dramatic one, with a strong cast, which includes Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, Ronald Reagan, Betty Field, Charles Coburn, Claude Rains, Harry Davenport, Judith Anderson, Nancy Coleman and Kaaren Verne



Dr. Tower (Claude Rains) takes on as assistant Parris Mitchell (Robert Cummings), whom he has known since childhood. Parris is in love with Cassandra Tower, the doctor's daughter, but their meetings are forbidden



In spite of Dr. Tower's orders, Cassandra refuses to give up Parris. They succeed in meeting when the doctor is away and when Parris leaves for Vienna to continue his studies, Cassandra begs him to take her with him. Next morning she is found dead, poisoned by her father, who commits suicide (Betty Field, Robert Cummings)



Another *King's Row* doctor is Dr. Gordon (Charles Coburn). He also ruins the life of his daughter Louise (Nancy Coleman) by forbidding her marriage to Drake McHugh, a wealthy young man who loses his fortune through an embezzling banker



Drake (Ronald Reagan), having lost Louise and his fortune, turns to an old childhood friend, Randy (Ann Sheridan), for consolation. Through her father (Ernest Cossart) he gets a job on the railway; he has an accident and his legs are amputated by Dr. Gordon.



Through Louise, Drake learns that his legs were taken off purely to satisfy the sadistic cravings of her father. Randy marries him and through her he finds the courage to take up his shattered life again and make a success of living (Ann Sheridan, Ronald Reagan)

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

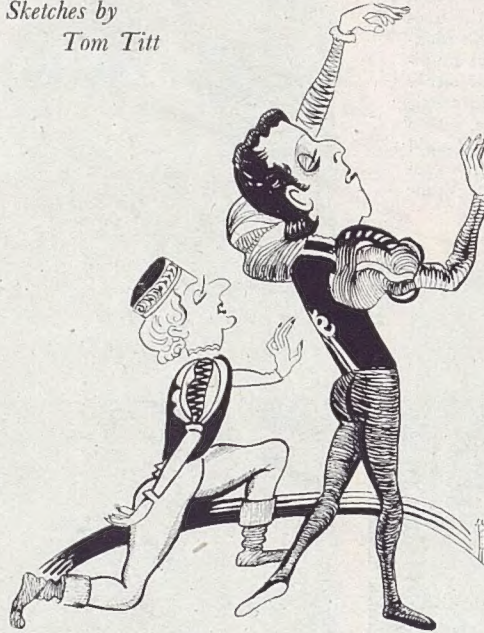
Le Lac des Cygnes (New)

BALLET is the eldest of the dramatic arts, and one of the most versatile. It can excite savage passions, tell strange stories, present exquisite pictures, or play the fool with the wildest abandon. It has seldom been, for long together, a stranger to the London stage, where its appearances and pleasures have ranged from the exotic to the inane. When, in the early nineteen hundreds, Adeline Gence captured West End hearts at the Empire, the prevailing taste for ballet was perhaps keen, rather than fastidious. The Russians changed all that; and since Diaghileff brought his sumptuous entourage to astonish and delight us, and Pavlova revealed beauties of the dance till then only dreamed of by the elect, the popularity of ballet has steadily increased.

ONE of the outstanding distinctions of the Sadler's Wells Company (now at the New Theatre) is style. This, derived direct from the Russians, has been steadily fostered by Ninette de Valois (once an active associate of the Diaghileff troupe), who formed the company at the Old Vic over ten years ago, and continues to direct it with brilliant devotion. This company has recently survived such serious vicissitudes as a narrow escape from the German occupation of Holland, where much of its scenery and other impedimenta had to be abandoned, and the military call-up which enlisted its young men. New recruits have been found and trained; and the company is dancing with renewed brilliance and success.

One secret of that success is that the dancers have never been content to rest on old laurels, but have constantly raised their standards and set themselves ever severer tests. The latest, and most searching test is the full-length four-act production of *Le Lac des Cygnes*, which stars

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Le Lac des Cygnes

Above is Tom Titt's impression of Margot Fonteyn as Odette, the Swan Queen, and on the left, Alexis Rassiné and Robert Helpmann as Benno and the Prince Siegfried

the present season. This famous Russian classic was one of the most attractive, yet exacting, features of the Diaghileff repertory, and has long been a favourite with connoisseurs and amateurs alike. All the notable ballerinas of recent years have danced its principal role, and the music by Tchaikovsky, who always wrote *con amore* for ballet, is some of his best. The story has a full measure of the haunting fairy-tale charm characteristic of the Russians, and lends itself to decoration by scenic artists, the latest of whom, Mr. Leslie Hurry, has designed most effective new scenery and costumes. Moreover, this

production has the advantage of the direction of Nickolai Sergueeff, formerly a producer at the Maryinska Theatre, St. Petersburg.

The principal role, that of the Swan Princess, is a dual one, and calls for extreme technical accomplishment from the ballerina. It is also an exacting test of her quality as an actress. Margot Fonteyn dances it beautifully. This young artist has grown in grace, and fully redeems her early promise. Robert Helpmann, her perfect partner, is not only a stylish dancer, but a remarkably good actor. His admirers, indeed, have not hesitated to compare him with Massine and Charlie Chaplin, which shows, at any rate, the range of his talents. His performance as the bibulous theatre-manager in *The Prospect Before Us* has become a tour de force of low comedy as individual as masterly, and, like his own Hamlet, gives no lie to such ambitious comparisons.

Much of the credit for the present English renaissance of classical ballet is due to Marie Rambert, whose Ballet Club cradled so many of the nebulae who have since become stars, and to Miss de Valois and the delightful young company she so successfully nurtures and directs.

Russian Ballet de la Jeunesse Anglaise (Whitehall)

THIS company, founded by Lydia Kyasht, who was a successor to Gence at the Empire, has different standards, and more modest talents. It aims at popularity, and has achieved it. The brief season it is now giving at the Whitehall includes two new ballets, *Marie Antoinette*, and *Katyusha*, which display the skill and enthusiasm of the young dancers, rather than the perfection of the contingent arts of design and decoration. Much of their choreography and decorative accessories are ingeniously "home-made"; and, while falling short perhaps of perfection, their repertorial programmes certainly give a good deal of popular pleasure. The now somewhat demodé cosmopolitan window-dressing the company has adopted is, one would have thought, rather a handicap than an asset to so thoroughly English a troupe of young dancers. It suggests comparisons which might be odious, and would certainly be irrelevant. When ballet, like wine, is good, it needs no such adventitious bush.



Lydia Kyasht's Russian Ballet de la Jeunesse Anglaise

Marie Antoinette is an impressionistic study with choreography by Catharine Marks, who also appears in the title role. Above, Marie Antoinette is seen with John Regan as Axel Fersen and Joanna Denise as The Spirit of Revolution

“Stage Door Canteen”:

Some of Those Who Went to the Odeon, Leicester Square, for the Premiere of This All-Star American Film



Captain Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys



Mr. John Mills and His Actress - Playwright Wife



Dr. Edith Summerskill with Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Carr



Viscount Bennett of Mickleham and Viscountess Greenwood



Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, and Lady Woolton



Captain and Mrs. Ted Barraclough



Sir Philip and Lady Chetwode



Lord Snell and Marie Lady Willingdon

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Back in London

WITH the return of the King and Queen to London, a constant stream of important callers have been seen going in and coming out of Buckingham Palace, among them, of course, Mr. Winston Churchill, who gave his own graphic account of his seven weeks' stay in Canada and America, and General Carton de Wiart, V.C., who told His Majesty of his adventures, both as a captive in Italian hands and as one of the chief figures in the secret negotiations that led up to the final surrender of Italy—a much fuller and infinitely more exciting account than was possible in his short broadcast.

In spite of all the travelling he has done, Mr. Churchill arrived in London as full of vigour as ever. Although it was after 9.30 p.m. when his train drew in to Euston Station, the Prime Minister did not go home to bed. Until the small hours of the morning he was in conference with members of the Cabinet. There were an unusually large number of people to meet him, including members of the Cabinet, Service Chiefs, and representatives of the Dominion Governments, and it took Mr. Churchill, who looked fit and smiling, and was smoking the familiar cigar, quite ten minutes to shake hands with them all.

The Leger at Newmarket

EVERYONE seemed to have taken their leave for the Leger, and an enormous crowd, mostly in uniform, managed to get to Newmarket to enjoy a grand day's racing. There can never have been a more thrilling Leger, the field of twelve including the first four in the Derby and Oaks and both winners of the Guineas. Everyone was sorry that Lord Derby could not be there, but Herringbone's triumph was watched by Lady Derby, who, although she does not bet, was reputed to have had four

shillings on the mare. Lady Derby really loves horses and racing, and must have been thrilled to be able to go home and tell Lord Derby all about Herringbone's second Classic success of the year. Incidentally, it is Lord Derby's sixth St. Leger victory.

Lord Rosebery was present to see the luckless Ribbon run yet another superbly game race. To be second in the Guineas, Oaks and Leger, twice beaten by a neck and once a short head, seems a fantastic record of near misses. The Hon. Dorothy Paget saw Straight Deal give in after a prolonged struggle. She must have had a disappointing day, as Mrs. Mops failed to stay the six furlongs of the Cheveley Park Stakes, but as a proved sportswoman, she has learned to take the rough with the smooth. The Cheveley Park Stakes was won by Mrs. Lavington's Fair Fame, a splendid-actioned filly, who looks to have next year's Guineas and Oaks in safe keeping. Mrs. Lavington, who is one of the keenest and youngest recruits to racing, was looking very pretty in a mauve-and-pink outfit, and was tremendously thrilled with her fine filly's fifth victory of the year. Mr. Jack Waugh bought a nice yearling filly by Nearco out of Fellow's Eyot for her at the Sales, paying 3000 guineas, which, one hopes, will turn out as good as Fair Fame. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk were together, each having bought a yearling at the Sales; it was one of the Duchess's last outings before starting work as a labourer in a boat-building yard. The Hon. Capt. and Mrs. Charles Wood and the Hon. Richard Stanley were others there, and Lady Stanley, who had always maintained that Herringbone had a good chance, was gaily pointing out to friends how right she had been.

Everyone was sympathising with Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford, whose lovely old house, Newsells Park, was completely burnt



Marcus Adams

Miss Zoe d'Erlanger

Zoe d'Erlanger is thirteen years old, and is the only child of the late Mr. Robin d'Erlanger and of the late Mrs. Myrtle Farquharson of Invercauld, and a granddaughter of the late Baron Emile d'Erlanger



Bassano

Capt. Lord Wynford

The Hon. Robert Best, Welch Fusiliers, succeeded to the barony on his father's death last month. He is married and has a daughter. He has one surviving brother, the younger having been killed in action in 1940



D. R. Stuart

Wedding Guests

The Hon. Mary and the Hon. Margaret Lampson went to the wedding of their friend, "Sally" Tomlin, and Major G. D. Jephson. (Picture on page 407.) They are Lord Killearn's daughters by his first marriage



An Engagement

Miss Sybil G. S. Dobbie, daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir William Dobbie, former Governor of Malta, and Lady Dobbie, is to marry Major Percival Ernest Johnston, R.A., son of the late Col. and Mrs. W. T. Johnston, of Bedford

to the ground only two nights before. It had been taken over for the duration, and they are living in a cottage in the grounds. The firemen did wonders, and managed to save the books out of the library and the drink in the cellar (although all the labels had come off the bottles), and only one good picture was burnt. Others seen were Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert; popular Major-Gen. Herbert Lumsden; Mr. Auberon Herbert, in the uniform of the Polish Army, in which he is serving; Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke and her nephew, Lord Harrington, who is another young recruit to the owners' ranks, having bought a yearling colt by Dubonnet at the Sales; Maud, Lady Fitzwilliam and her daughter-in-law, Lady Fitzwilliam, who are such great friends and who must have been delighted by Lord Fitzwilliam's purchase of the filly by Hyperion—Celestial Way; Major Dick Warden; Lord and Lady Sefton; Mrs. Charles Mills; Lady Throckmorton; Mrs. Diana Smyley; Lady Zia Wernher, whose Persian Gulf was fourth in the Leger; and Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan, whose Tropical Sun ran well for a mile and a half.



Mother and Son

Lord Rupert Larnach-Nevill was host to his mother, the Marchioness of Abergavenny, at a London restaurant one night. He has an elder brother, Capt. the Earl of Leves, who is in the Life Guards



Young Marrieds Dining Out

Capt. Sir Charles Madden, Bt., R.N., and Lady Madden were at another table. He is the elder son of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, and his marriage to Miss Olive Robins, daughter of the late Mr. G. W. Robins, took place last year

Sinebe

News of Fighting Men

CAPT. SIR NIGEL MORDAUNT, who has been in both the North African and Sicilian campaigns, is expected home very shortly, as he is going to Staff College. He will see his second son, David, for the first time, as the boy was born last autumn after his father had left this country for service overseas.

There must be many fathers in this war with children they have never seen, and many will grow out of babyhood while their fathers are away either fighting or in captivity as prisoners of war. One such child who comes to mind is little Lady Serena Dundas, now nearly three years old, who was born at the Yorkshire home of her grandparents, the Marquess and Marchioness of Zetland, soon after her father, the Earl of Ronaldshay, had gone overseas with his regiment, the Yorkshire Hussars. Then there is the youngest son of Sir Peter and Lady Farquhar. Incidentally, Sir Peter, who in pre-war days was one of the

best amateur huntsmen of his time, has shown that he can lead his men in action as well as he hunted a pack of hounds. He is now in command of a famous mechanised cavalry regiment in the Middle East, and won the M.C. for gallantry in action against Rommel and his men. Lady Farquhar, who lives with her sons at the family home near Newbury, is a very keen and successful farmer these days, her special interest being a dairy herd.

Prisoners of War and Their Families

LADY MERTHYR'S fourth son was born in 1941, when her husband was missing in Hong Kong, and for months she heard no news of him until the Red Cross were able to tell her that he was a prisoner of war. Now, happily, she has heard from him direct that he is fit and well. Lady Merthyr is living with her four small sons at their lovely old home, Hean Castle, in Pembrokeshire, and looking after her husband's estate in his absence.

Her sister-in-law, now the wife of Gen. Hewson, was before her marriage, when the Hon. Anne Lewis, Master of the Pembrokehire Hounds for four years, and before that Master of the Monmouthshire. Another small boy whose father was a prisoner of war when he was born is Sorley, the three-year-old son of the Hon. James McDonnell, Lord Antrim's only brother, who was captured at St. Valery in 1940. Sorley is now a most fascinating, curly-haired little boy who is living with his mother in Surrey near his aunt, Lady Rose Baring, and her attractive young family of two boys and a girl. Still another baby born after her father was taken prisoner is the six-months-old daughter of Capt. the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Kindersley. Capt. Kindersley was posted missing in December last—the news coming through later that he was a prisoner—and his daughter was born in April. Another prisoner of war with a young family at home is Major

(Concluded on page 408)



Major and Mrs. R. Snead-Cox

Major Robert Snead-Cox, the Royal Welch Fusiliers, only surviving son of the late Mr. John Snead-Cox and Mrs. Snead-Cox, married Miss Elizabeth Mary Carr, only daughter of the late Mr. Edgar Carr and Lady Darwood, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Major and Mrs. M. McLaren

Major Martin McLaren, Grenadier Guards, son of the late Hon. Francis McLaren and of Lady Fryberg, and Miss Nancy Ralston, daughter of the late Mr. Gordon Ralston and Mrs. Philip Cator, of 4, Cranmer Court, S.W., were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. de Lisle

Lt.-Col. Christian de Lisle, 11th Hussars, son of Sir Beauvoir de Lisle, married Miss Anne Lloyd Thomas, daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas and the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, at St. James's, Spanish Place



The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk bought the Hon. George Lambton's colt by Fairway out of Torbay

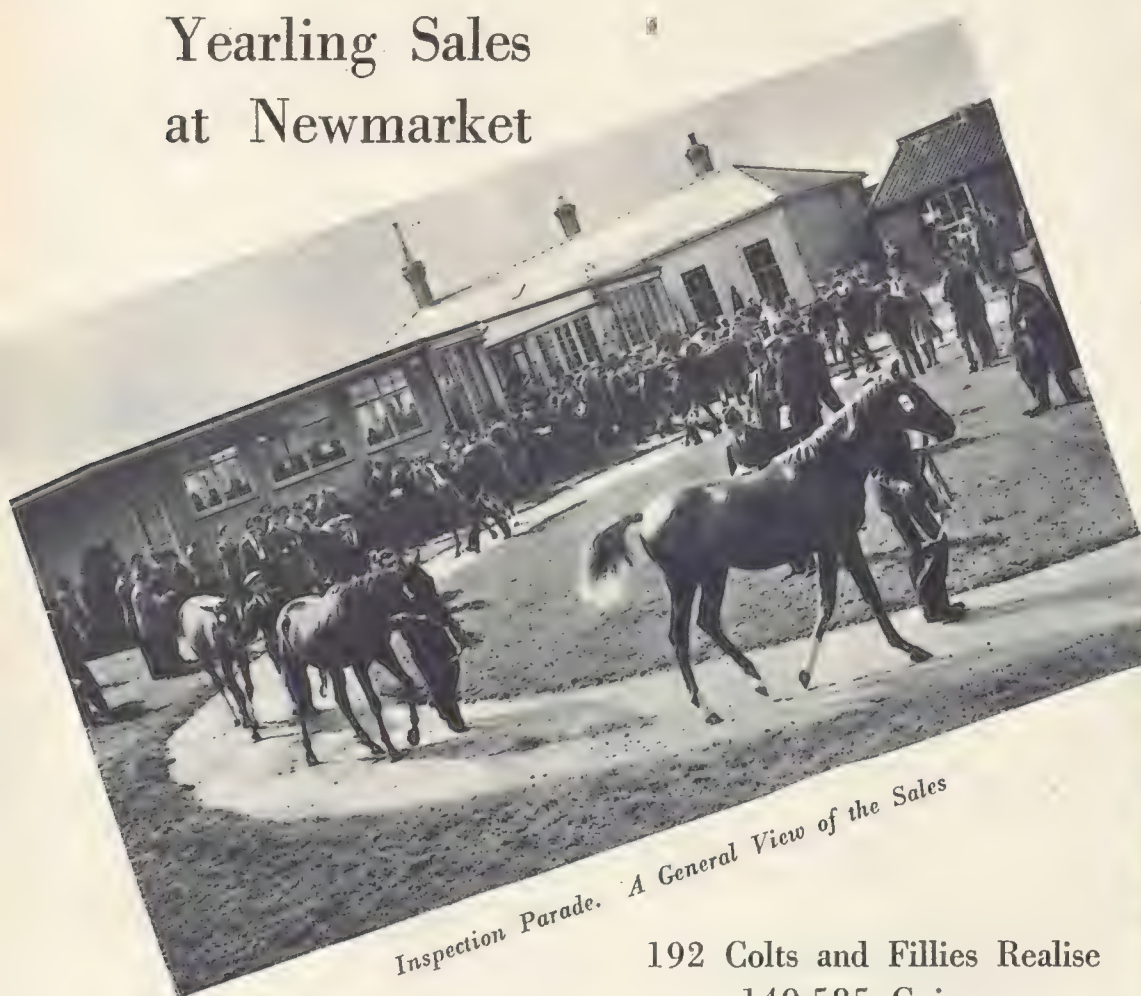


Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who trains for the King at Newmarket, was with Capt. Charles Moore, the King's racing manager



Major Durham Matthews and Lord Willoughby de Broke seemed to be taking a cheerful view of affairs

Yearling Sales at Newmarket



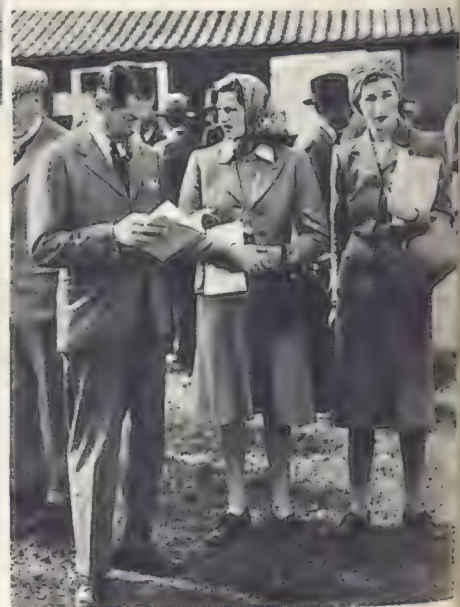
Inspection Parade. A General View of the Sales

192 Colts and Fillies Realise
149,585 Guineas

There were some exceptionally well-bred, good-looking yearlings on offer, and they found a buoyant market. The top price was 8000 guineas, paid by Mr. Pratt, on behalf of Lord Fitzwilliam, for the Hon. George Lambton's beautiful filly by Hyperion out of Celestial Way. A picture of this filly appeared in "The Tatler" of September 8th, and she was our fancy as the "pick of the Sales." There were many newcomers to racing in the market, and the fact that colts, as well as fillies, made excellent prices means that there is a very optimistic outlook regarding the prospects for racing next year. Breeders contributed a percentage of their sales to the Red Cross Agriculture Fund, and the money realised by the sale of catalogues at 2s. 6d. each, with 20 per cent. of their commission contributed by Messrs. Tattersall, went to the same fund.



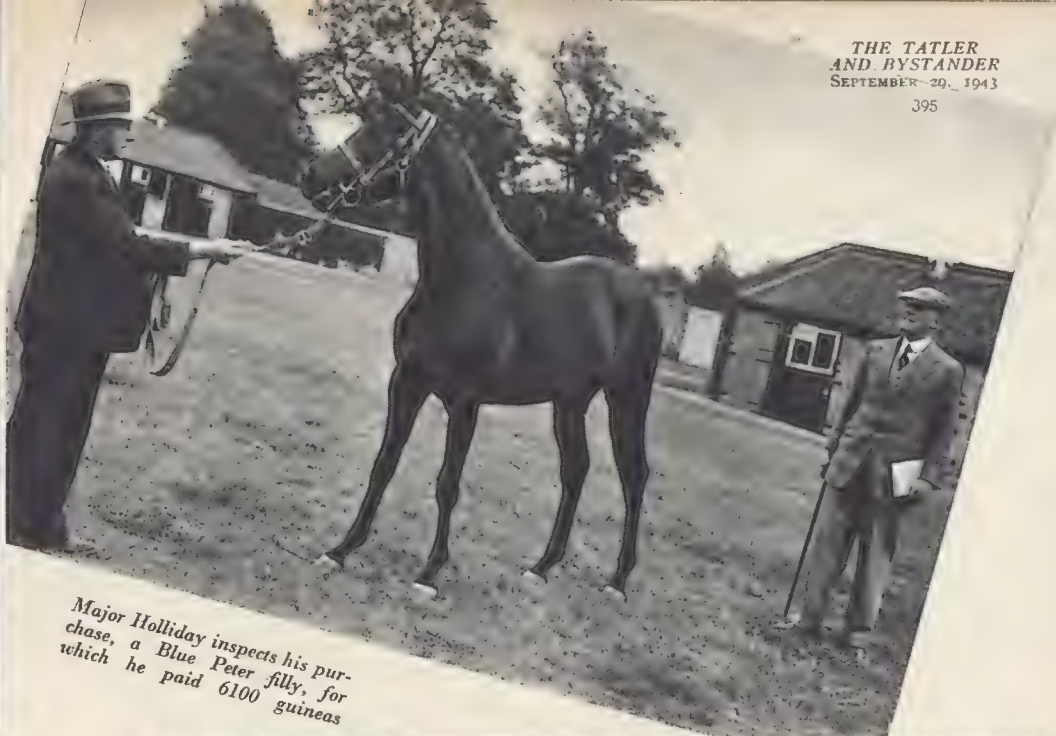
Lady Fitzwilliam wore trousers. Her husband (who is on active service) paid top price at the Sales



Sir Humphrey de Trafford was with his daughter, Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon, and Mrs. Bernard Van Cutsem



W/Cdr. Laye, who still manages to train a few horses, including the very useful Fun Fair, with Mrs. Martin Hartigan



Major Holliday inspects his purchase, a Blue Peter filly, for which he paid 6100 guineas



Mr. Frank Hartigan, who has had such a good season with that fine sprinter, Sugar Palm



M. Kouyoumdjian, a newcomer to racing, with the colt which Steve Donoghue had just bought on his behalf, and Mrs. Madge Bennett



Major Kerr, who manages for the Duke of Westminster; Mr. "Atty" Persse, the wizard of Stockbridge, who was looking for another Tetrarch; and Lord Sefton



The Hon. Richard Stanley, Mr. Walter Earl, who trains for Lord Derby, and Capt. the Hon. and Mrs. Charles Wood were going down to see the yearlings in the Lower Yard



Hewshotts, Liphook, the Grisewoods' home, is two converted stone cottages, 300 years old, but entirely modernised



Gardening: Mrs. Grisewood pulls while her husband pushes the lawn-mower



Carpentry is one of Freddie Grisewood's hobbies. His wife gives a hand with the saw

The Grisewoods at Home

A Popular Member of the B.B.C.
with His Wife

Mr. Freddie Grisewood and his wife spend their leisure hours in their charming house, Hewshotts, Liphook. Freddie Grisewood has been with the B.B.C. since 1929, and will be remembered as the commentator for most of the big "outside" broadcasts, such as the Coronation, the Lord Mayor's Show, and sporting events such as Wimbledon, etc. He is himself a well-known sportsman, and has played cricket and tennis for Worcestershire, and hockey for Oxfordshire and Southern Trials. Besides B.B.C. work, he is doing a great deal of public speaking for the Ministries of Agriculture, Food, Fuel and Information, travelling hundreds of miles all over the country. His wife was Miss Aileen Scriven, and is a sister of Peggie Scriven, the international lawn-tennis player



Something new for the "Kitchen Front"? Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Grisewood study a B.B.C. script in the sunshine



A Walk in the Herbaceous Border at Hewshotts

Standing By ...

(Continued)

I'm through. Call 'em octopi," and is led away in disgrace; and Auntie pleases herself, as usual.

Exit

WHY the *Encyclopædia Britannica* packed up as a company the other day we don't know, unless the lack of a consecutive love-interest in those volumes has been discovered by the Race at last.

For years we struggled submissively with the *Enc. Britt.*, till one blessed summer day it dawned on us, like one of the great primal truths, that those weighty pronouncements are made not by oracles infallibly Heaven-inspired, but by hired dons—weak, ugly, sinful, conceited, erring men, full of human frailties and prejudices and lusts, governed by rage and fear, like hunting-men. Simple-minded citizens still, however, consult those tomes as if they were Holy Writ, we believe, and of course the best-informed booksy critics in Fleet Street can't get on without them. As it says in the old folk-rhyme:

Without his trusty old *Enc. Britt.*

The critic cannot make a hit,

Which makes the pale and palsied critic,
If anything, more parasitic.

What those boys have to beware is carelessly turning over two or three India-paper pages at once and annihilating some unfortunate author with the leading European authorities on Birdlime, say, instead of Bergson. Drunk critics often make this slip. Once at a party after publishing a book of our own we playfully taxed a leading critic with being completely plastered while reviewing it, and he said: "If I weren't completely plastered, shellacked, and bosko I couldn't face a book of yours," so we shrugged pityingly and turned to talk to his charming wife, who was engaged in biting a publisher's hand off very neatly above the wrist. Booksy racket, booksy racket, what an old heartbreak you are.

Arcadiana

DOWN in the Hick Belt of the South we look askance somewhat at that new agricultural device which simultaneously ploughs, presses the furrows, sows seed, spreads fertiliser, and covers both, all in one movement. It seems to us (a) academic and (b) sissy.

No doubt it will save the farmer a lot of time, but for what? We all know now, thanks to Slogger Somerset Maugham, what big business men hustle and bully to save time for, but farmers are generally pure-minded and faithful to their wives, who hold and carry all sorts of things and save a lot of expense (you should see us loading them down our way. Whoa, there! Gorm yeou! You'd think they'd fall flat in the mud on their print pinnies, but they dursn't). Our feeling is that if the

English farmer has time on his hands he'll begin seeing the fairies again. It was Chesterton who remarked, accurately, that the chaps who traditionally see fairies are not "psychic" types but hard-headed hornyhanded peasants, as all Europe's rural folklore proves. It's equally true, as the lovely ancient song "Farewell, rewards and fairies" says, that the English fairies vanished at the Reformation:

But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in,
They never dance on any heath
As when the time hath bin.

Maybe when this new device comes in and farmers have some spare time the fairies will come back and romp with them, and help them to pick posies. We sweat so hard down in the Belt that we've almost forgotten the look of posies, and most of us couldn't tell Slogger Joad nowadays from any other simple wild-flower.

Chant

CHAPS who keep writing to the papers demanding why "Rule Britannia" is not sung publicly more often are, we deduce, serious chaps; chaps in bowler hats, with neatly-rolled umbrellas; sober, practical chaps who read the *Daily Snoop* all through with frowning application every day, making little pencil-notes of criticism and approval in the margin. The backbone—they'll tell you themselves—of the Nation.



"O.K., your father is an Admiral—and I bet he's a dirty old man too!"

What they lack, maybe, is a tiny sense of comedy. No musician can cavil at the tune—that magnificent brassy full-bottom-periwigged fanfare of Dr. Arne's, the only surviving number of his opera *Alfred*. What the bowler-boys fail to savour, perhaps, is the subtle irony of the words, which are by the Scots poet James Thomson and are typical North British humour. Our conviction is that when Slogger Thomson created those words (ever read 'em all through?) he was taking a crack at us. Once, indeed, he forgot himself:

Still more majestick shalt thou
rise,
More dreadful from each
foreign Stroke . . .

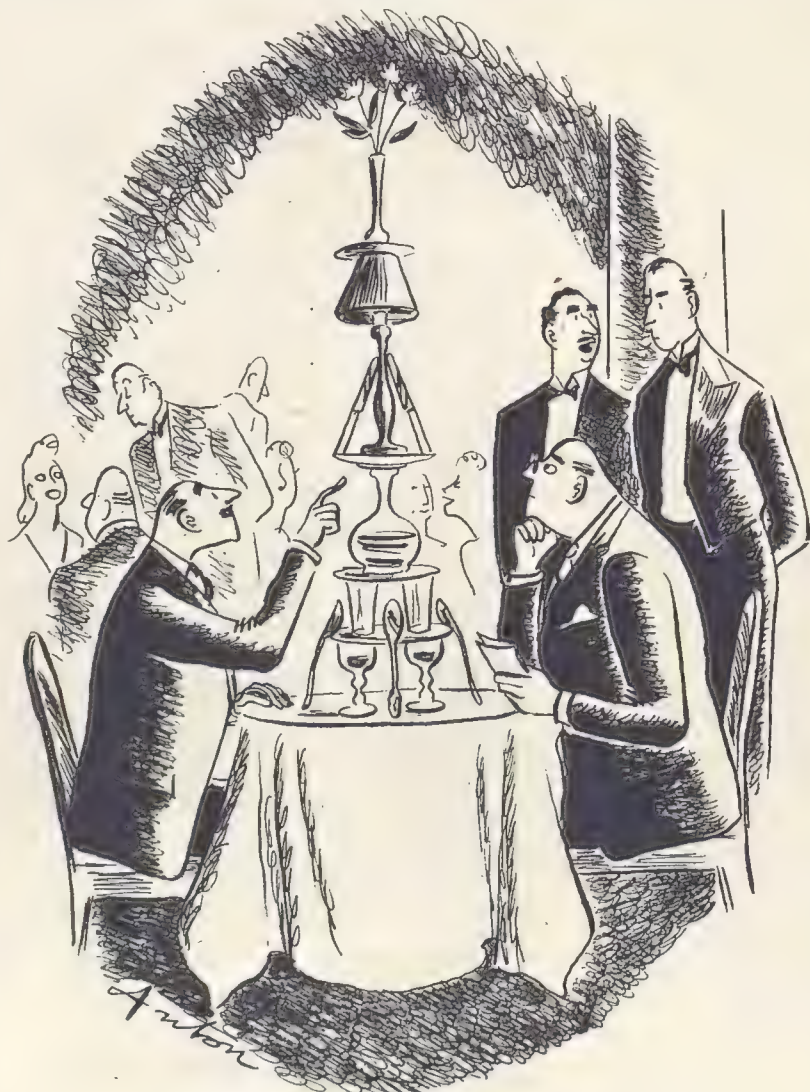
Pedants will tell you that "dreadful" in the eighteenth century meant "inspiring dread." Our feeling is that Thomson meant just what he said.

Conclusion

A DRY old stick, Slogger Thomson, we guess, fond of his bottle and his sneeshin' and not to be got at by feckless Southron gomerals. And we bet when he read his piece to his lantern-jawed cronies at the Scotch House in the Poultry they laughed like a pack of rusty firelocks (*un rive métallique*). Awa' wi' ye, Jamie! "Matchless beauty!" Haud an' safe us! Hech! Hech!

Scotland's reply to the fourth verse of "God Save the King," which prays for the crushing of rebellious Scots and is tactfully omitted nowadays—that's what "Rule Britannia" is, we guess, take it or leave it.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I think it's a post-war reconstruction of the
Albert Memorial"

*Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

The Rt. Hon. Sir John Anderson, M.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

As Lord President of the Council since 1940 and a member of the War Cabinet, Sir John Anderson is charged with important functions in connection with the Home Front, and is also the Minister responsible, amongst many other things, for the Government scientific organisations. In August he paid a flying visit to Washington to discuss with the American authorities scientific matters concerning the war effort, spending a short time in Ottawa in pursuance of his mission. Important posts previously occupied by Sir John include those of Governor of Bengal, Lord Privy Seal, and, the most recent, that of Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, which he held from 1939 to 1940. In 1941 he married as his second wife the widow of Mr. Ralph Wigram, the former head of the Central European Department of the Foreign Office



Margot Fonteyn

Off-Stage Studies of the Sadler's Wells Ballerina

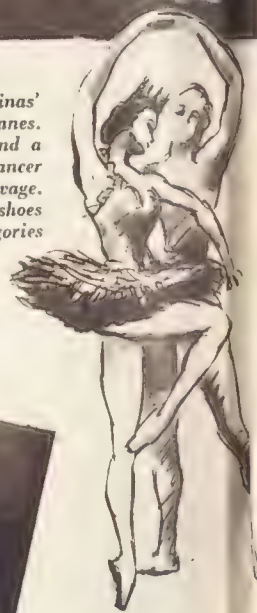


With Robert Helpmann, who has partnered her in all her big roles, Margot Fonteyn practises a pas-de-deux from "Le Lac des Cygnes" in front of Rex Whistler's decor for "The Wise Virgins"



Shoe Parade in the Dressing-Room

Once upon a time champagne was drunk from ballerinas' ballet shoes by infatuated (and rich) balletomanes. Later, these devotees' successors begged a shoe and a signature for their collections. Nowadays, no dancer parts with a shoe till it is fit for nothing but salvage. In her dressing-room Miss Fonteyn re-grades her shoes into performance, rehearsal and class categories



Fifth Position in the Mirror

For over nine years the Sadler's Wells Ballerina has been in little more than the rôle of a ballerina, while she was still a rôle, above all, that of a ballerina, as an actress, capabilities as an actress, reason to be proud. In the classical ballets, Cygnes, for which Le Ballet des Nations, Bishop's sketches show the theatre life of performance, always a student of ballet. Her father is a civil engineer. Her brother is a captain. as "small mammals" kitten shown here; a

Sketches by
Molly Bishop

Photographs by
Pictorial Press



Margot Fonteyn and Her Mother at Tea



Candide is the White Kitten's Name



Three nineteenth-century ballerinas—
Fanny Cerito, Marie Taglioni and
Amalia Ferraris—hang on the wall of the
drawing-room of Miss Fonteyn's home



Margot Fonteyn has divided her time between her family and her work. She was barely fifteen when she graduated from school to company. A year she had begun to dance the great classical roles which, for teens, entitled her to be called a ballerina. It is in these pure, soft quality of her dancing, her delicate artistry, and her grace have made her performances something of which British ballet has long been proud. In the current season at the New Theatre she appears in three of the new productions, chiefly as Odette-Odile in the new production of *Le Lac des Cygnes*. Mr. Barry has designed magnificent costumes and sets. Two of Molly's roles in this role, with Helpmann as Siegfried. Apart from her rehearsals and the steady routine of classes which make a ballerina's life, Margot Fonteyn lives with her mother in Pelham Crescent, London. Her mother-of-war in Shanghai, where she herself spent her childhood. In the Army. Fonteyn herself describes her recreation in *Who's Who*. Her "collection" of these at present includes Candide, the white kitten called Mr. Chee, and a ginger kitten at the New Theatre.

Mothers and Children



Bassano

The Hon. Mrs. Jock Leslie and Her Children

The wife of F/Lt. the Hon. Jock Leslie, R.A.F.V.R., was Miss Coral Pinckard before her marriage in 1932. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard. Her husband is the only brother of the Earl of Rothes, and they have two children, Alastair and Amber



Marcus Adams

Mrs. Anker Simmons and Her Daughter

Mrs. Simmons is a daughter of the late Sir Abe Bailey, Bt., and of the Hon. Lady Bailey, D.B.E., and a half-sister of the present baronet. Her marriage to W/Cdr. Peter Anker Simmons, D.F.C. and Bar, R.A.F., took place in 1941. Her daughter is called Noreen Starr



Marcus Adams

Mrs. A. P. Curzon-Howe with Marigold and Montagu

Formerly Miss Joan Henrietta Lewis, Mrs. Curzon-Howe was married in 1930 to Lt.-Col. Assheton Penn Curzon-Howe, R.A., younger son of the late Admiral Sir Assheton Curzon-Howe. They have a son, born in 1939, and a daughter who is nine years old



Marcus Adams

Mrs. Peter Rawlinson and Her Daughter, Mikaela

The wife of Capt. Peter Rawlinson, Irish Guards, was Miss Haidee Kavanagh, and is the elder daughter of Mrs. Kavanagh, of Dollard, Clonsilla, Ireland. Capt. Rawlinson is the younger son of Col. and Mrs. A. R. Rawlinson, and a grandson of Sir Henry Mulleneux-Grayson, Bt.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

As One Feldmarschall to Another

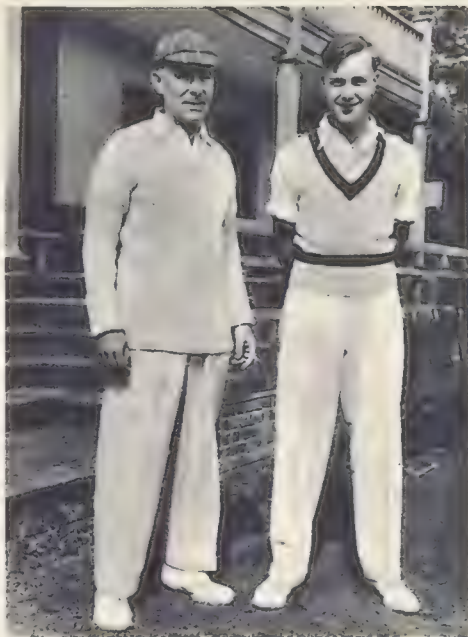
"IN the reality of war things always turn out differently from what was originally expected. . . . The independent will of the opponent soon opposes one's own." — From F.M. BARON VON DER GOLTZ to F.M. VON KESSELRING.

Over the Top

THE biggest fence ever concocted will not stop the best jumper ever lapped in leather, PROVIDED ALWAYS (a) that the coachman does not look at the roots, (b) that his point of vision is at least 2 ft. over the top, and, most particularly, (c) that his hands are at least 3 ft. lower than his point of vision. Observe these rules and you will reduce the number of your inevitable falls by 75 per cent. I put it quite as high as that. Our two best cross-country jockeys have observed all these rules. One's name is Arthur and the other's Bernard. The problem now is, not so much how to win this race, but how to stop The Opposition winning the next one, for which, thanks to a recent indiscreet utterance, he is already beginning to prepare. He has even selected his jockey, and it should not occasion any surprise when he tells the present incumbent to send in his jacket.

Ladies First

THERE was only one surprise in the Leger, but that was the one that mattered, and I feel that it was one all of us bore very gladly, for there is not, and there never has been, anyone on the Turf or off it, who is more universally liked than Lord Derby. But Herringbone was a genuine surprise. She still remains a mystery to me, for I could not work it out either on the Book or by visual observation that she could win over a distance of ground. At the Bridge game a post-mortem is an unqualified pest, because it is so futile, but on the Turf, with the future descendants of a Classic winner in view, it is not so futile. First, as to Herringbone's book record: there was nothing one way or the other to induce us to believe that her win in the One Thousand, in which she beat Ribbon a neck, made her



D. R. Stuart

Cricketers Both

A. G. Duggart, the Middlesex cricketer and former English Soccer international, has a promising cricketer son, Hubert, who captained this year's Winchester XI., and has also played cricket for Sussex

out a Leger possible. After the Oaks, in which both she and Tropical Sun put up the shutters quite a quarter of a mile, if not more, from home, there was no encouragement to look at the other side of her pedigree, which is full of some of the best-staying blood in the equine Debrett. Yet the event has proved that it was very remiss not to have done so, and that yet once again we have been given tangible



D. R. Stuart

Father and Son

Lt.-Col. Lewis-Barclay, the Davis Cup tennis player, who played both cricket and tennis for the Army, is seen with his son, Clive, a member of this year's Harrow XI., who also played Rugger for the school

proof that it is a mistake to believe that the Roi Herode-Tetrarch line is a recipe for speed only. The records of the Leger (Caligula, Polemarch, Salmon Trout) prove conclusively that this is not so. So Herringbone goes forward in her career as the probable mother of good stayers, all the more so since she was not over-raced as a two-year-old, a most important point to note. To hark back to the Book: It was not possible to look at Herringbone, as has been said, as a Leger winner on the Oaks form, and this presumption was considerably reinforced by what happened in the Whepstead Stakes (1½ miles) at Newmarket on September 1st. Umiddad then beat her pointlessly at weight for sex. Purely on the Book, Umiddad was much the same thing as Straight Deal. In this Whepstead Stakes it is true that Herringbone had Ribbon behind her, but there was a reason for that, as some of us noted. That race, purely on paper, put both Herringbone and Ribbon off the Leger map, yet in the Leger Herringbone (and Harry Wragg) beat Ribbon a short head, with Straight Deal three-quarters of a length away, Umiddad unplaced. C'est la guerre!

(Concluded on page 404)



D. R. Stuart

End of the Cricket Season: Gentlemen v. Players at Winchester

The match was organised by Major Lord Tennyson, and ended in a draw, with Players 194 all out, Gentlemen 120 for eight wickets. The Gentlemen's XI.: Front row—A. G. Duggart, Capt. J. C. W. MacBryan, Major Lord Tennyson (captain), Capt. J. P. Gornall, R. J. O. Meyer. Back row: Jack Hobbs (umpire), C. J. Andrews, L. Watkins, S. Bloomfield, G. H. G. Duggart, P. Halford, C. Knott, N. G. D. Moffatt, A. Tolfree (umpire)

Proceeds of the match, which was played on the Winchester College ground, went to the Winchester Red Cross Victory Garden Week. About 2000 people attended. The Players' XI.: Front row—L. Budd, A. Kempton, E. H. Bouley, T. H. Barling, S. Walker. Back row: Jack Hobbs (umpire), E. J. Drake, A. G. Holt, Alec Bedser, Eric Bedser, H. Eastwood, J. Angell, A. Tolfree (umpire)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

No Other Surprises

ALL the other happenings in the St. Leger, I submit, were according to Cocker. In these notes in June it was written, in speaking mainly of the colts: "I do not believe that any of this year's three-year-olds can give Ribbon 6 lbs." This was based upon the conservative estimate that Ribbon ought to have won the Oaks by 2 lengths (6 lbs.) and that Straight Deal's defeat of Why Hurry at Ascot, on August 28th, put him a lot in front of her. After that race I concluded that there could not be much between Ribbon and Straight Deal. So it worked out. Neither he, nor any of the other colts, could give her even the sex allowance. Perhaps the only puzzle is Umiddad. He was in the thick of the battle most of the way, but the last squeeze proved that Straight Deal had more than a head the better of it in the Derby.



Harlip

Recently Decorated

Gen. Sir Shinga Shumshere Jung, the Nepalese Minister in London, has been awarded the Order of Trishakti for services in connection with the war. Many of his countrymen, the Gurkhas, are fighting on various fronts with great gallantry.

Lots of people believed that Umiddad would have won that race if he had not had to carry Nasrullah when that faicant rolled into him. The Leger proves that the better colt won fairly and squarely. Straight Deal retires to the stud the best of his sex of his year, and I think that it would be fair to say that Herringbone and Ribbon dead-heat for first place amongst all the three-year-olds. As to the defeated ones, Persian Gulf showed a leg for quite a time and ran very gamely, so did Whirlaway, likewise Tropical Sun, but Merchant Navy obviously is not yet out of the nursery, and I wonder what Michael Beary said in his heart about the much-boosted "champion."

A Kadir Cup Winner

THE death of Major the Hon. John Hamilton Russell, on active service, has been as great a grief to the Royals as it has been to everyone else who knew him. He was a first-class man on a horse and a very nice one on

or off it. Personally, I only knew him very slightly, and last encountered him hacking homeward in Warwickshire after a rather dribbling sort of day. He was then, I think, staying with his eldest brother—killed early on in this war—who had a house in Warwickshire. I remember that we talked pigsticking v. fox-hunting, much to the advantage of the former, but only because of the rotten day we had had! He was, so far as my researches go into Wardrop's book amongst others, the only Royal Dragoon ever to have won the Kadir Cup. I am not quite sure as to this, because the regiments of the early winners from the time when it was called the Meerut Tent Club Cup (1869) are not given in even Wardrop's book. The regimental score is a pretty close one between the 10th, 4th, 8th and 15th Hussars and the Gunners: 10th Hussar wins have been 1881, 1882, 1907, 1932, 1933; 4th Hussars 1878, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1929; 8th Hussars 1887, 1888 (when "The Mahout"—Mahon had two horses in the final), 1889; 15th Hussars 1904, 1906, 1908, and the Gunners, R.H.A. and R.A., 1890, 1893, 1897, 1910, 1920, 1930, 1931, 1936, 1937. The contest is, of course, suspended during the present hostilities, as it was during the last war and the Afghan war of 1879-80, but it was not during the Boer War (1899-1902).

Rescue Squads

WHEN are we going to hear of the next "rescue" of one of the lictors? It is not possible to believe a lot of things that come over the wireless, and the one about Mr. Hitler's best friend I find personally more difficult than most. Why was his first peroration read by someone else? In what city is he convalescing? Was that picture Benito, or a "stand in"? I note that Lewis Hastings believes that it was that of a "stooge," but says, quite rightly, that it does not matter a row of pins anyway.

An Amende

THE Editor has handed me a letter from a correspondent, writing from Somewhere West of Suez, upbraiding me for having omitted the 8th Hussars from a short list of polo-playing regiments which did so well in the North African campaign and giving the news that they won the Inter-Regimental and King's Cups in Cairo in 1939, as well as some minor tournaments. No record of these events was seemingly transmitted to the London Press, and I have none in my own personal and very voluminous polo log-book, I therefore plead "not guilty"! I also regret very much that I had not got these records, because "completeness" is my first name.



Three Knights of the Pigskin

Caught by the camera in an off-duty moment were three well-known jockeys, Joe Taylor, A. ("Midge") Richardson and Tommy Weston. The last-named was on leave from the Navy at the time



Start of the Rugby Season: the New Zealand Rugby Trial Match

The match between the North and South Island teams took place at Merton Park, Wimbledon. The North Island XV.: (in front) Sub-Lt. N. Lawrence, N/A. R. W. Metcalfe, Sgt. G. H. Hewitt. Sitting: F/Sgt. I. H. Dustin, Sgt. T. Blomfield, F/O. E. Grant (captain), Mr. W. Jordan, P/O. G. Stevens, D.F.C., N/A. C. J. Phelps, Mr. Golden (referee). Standing: P/O. W. F. Crist, Sgt. G. N. Roberts, Sgt. K. Whitehouse, P/O. Veitch, Sgt. I. R. Heays. Behind: P/O. G. Brown, P/O. A. Matheson, D.F.M.

Mr. W. Jordan, the New Zealand High Commissioner in London, attended the match, and is seen in both pictures. Above is the South Island XV. In front: F/Sgt. J. Boswell, Sgt. A. E. McCormack. Sitting: Sub-Lt. Bruhns, Sgt. N. M. Ritchie, L/A/C. J. H. Macdonald (captain), Mr. Jordan, Sgt. J. P. Brightling. Back row: N/A. G. G. Davidson, Sub-Lt. D. McAleese, F/Sgt. I. Trainor, P/O. R. W. Herron, Tel. R. Woodham, Mr. Golden (referee). Behind: Sgt. H. J. Davies, F/O. L. A. A. Kilgour, P/O. R. Robertson, P/O. A. O. Ellis



Rivals in Rescue: Walrus v. Launch

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Admirers of that remarkable flying all-rounder, the Walrus, will remember our artist's recent tribute to its powers and personality in the form of a sketch called "A Walrus to the Rescue." The Air/Sea Rescue Service employs both the Walrus and the High-Speed Launch in its arduous work, and the rivalry between the crews is as keen as it is friendly, each striving to beat the other in the numbers picked up. There is often a race for the dinghy which contains the pilot of a ditched aircraft, patiently awaiting rescue, and it sometimes happens that an overloaded Walrus in a rough sea has to transfer its passengers to a launch. This week's Beuttler drawing carries the rivalry a stage further, to the extent of staging what looks like a pitched battle for possession between the good Samaritans

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Autobiography

"**CALL NO MAN HAPPY**" (Cape; 12s. 6d.) is, as one might expect from its author's name, an autobiography of unusual value. André Maurois has probably done more than any living writer to make France known to England, England to France. Both as novelist and as biographer, this Frenchman has shown an almost uncanny penetration into the English spirit. His *The Silences of Colonel Bramble*—fruits of his term of service as liaison officer during the last war with the B.E.F. in France—became a classic in our country and his. His biographies of Shelley (*Ariel*) and of Disraeli are not only studies of genius, but throw a particular light on the English scene.

Even the British reader, so entirely insular that he avoids modern French authors, even in translation, has had to take André Maurois into account. His works are absorbed so painlessly into our library-lists that you might hardly take it that he was French at all. As a fact, he could not be more so. But, apart from his predilection for English subjects and clear-sighted, ironical fondness for our country and race, there is an indefinable something about his writing that makes it palatable on this side of the Channel. Is it that he appears to be without *arrière-pensées*? Is it that he has an un-Gallic regard for conscience? Or is it that both his sentiment and his humour are of a colour so immediately sympathetic that they appear familiar—they reassure us?

With success, there always grows up a legend. Bits and scraps of information about the author—some correct, others not—circulate, and are eagerly seized upon. Since *Ariel* and *The Silences of Colonel Bramble*, there has been the wish to know more about André Maurois, whose real name, one soon heard, was not André Maurois at all. Since the fall of France this curiosity has been through a keener; and not always happy, phase. Where, since then, has that avowed French friend of England's been? Does he feel for us as ever? What is he thinking, doing, saying? From what angle does he look on the recent years?

In *Call No Man Happy* André Maurois, to use the promising phrase, tells all. He carries us from the France of his birth and childhood to the America that was, shortly, to enter this war. The thread of his inner experience runs on through all sorts of changing outward patterns. We see the child, the student, the industrialist, the lover, the husband, the soldier, the writer, the man of affairs, the Academician, the exile—but it is always the same man. His sense of his identity, his nature, mounts up: the cumulative effect of *Call No Man Happy* is that of a man bowed under the ever-growing weight of being himself. Here is a study of character in relation to—and sometimes as the mainspring of—his destiny. André

Maurois seems to be superstitious with regard to his own fate.

Industrialist—Writer

BUT if the psychological background is sombre, the story-telling is lively. Pictures of peoples and places, and accounts of events, are vivid and memorable. The author's eye brightens at all moments when it is off himself. But oneself—it is only fair to remember—must be the main subject of autobiography.

André Maurois's real name is Emil Hertzog. His father's family, mill-owning Jewish Alsations, moved from Alsace after the Franco-Prussian War and acquired a cloth mill at Elbeuf, Normandy. Here, enjoying the pleasures of lovely surrounding country, the Hertzog children grew up. Emil, having passed through the local school, journeyed every day to attend the Lycée of Rouen: vacations were spent with his mother's family in Paris. In his last, his "Year of Philosophy," at the Lycée, the young man came under what was to be a lasting influence—that of the philosopher-journalist Chartier, or "Alain." It was Chartier who confirmed Emil's belief in his own power to write, but was also against his writing too soon. Therefore, though burning with an intellectual dream, Emil consented to enter his father's mill. His success—and the tact he used to attain this—in bringing the obstinately old-fashioned family firm up to date suggests that the genuinely clever person can make good, if they have to, in almost any field. The once famous but now rather dowdy Elbeuf black cloth gave place to stuffs that met the demands of fashion.



Miss Anna Mayerson

Miss Anna Mayerson, the painter, whose work, on show at the Leger Gallery, Old Bond Street, covers a variety of subjects, is considered by the critics to be a very promising young artist. Her portraits of women and girls are already outstanding

The same adaptability shows itself in the rest of the life-story, which is too complex and varied to summarise. The 1914-18 War passages (the "Colonel Bramble" period) are particularly interesting. That war cost the author not only his health, but, in an indirect way, his happiness with his first wife—a lovely but somehow tragic creature whom he had sent (she

being very young and friendless when they first met) to be educated in England. His own first feeling for England is traced to his love of Kipling, from whom he drew a kind of mystique.

In the inter-war years Emil Hertzog, now "André Maurois" and prominent as a writer, was drawn more and more into public life. Though he forswore politics, his experiences as an industrialist had raised all sorts of questions in his mind. His second marriage, though its beginning was less idyllic, seems to be a source of equable happiness. Through his second wife he came to know and love Perigord, with its poplars, rivers, hills. . . . The description of the French political scene, in those years still more crucial for France than anyone realised, is excellent. The outbreak of this war, the anguish of the 1940 collapse, the goodbye to Paris—already the ghost of herself—lead up to the final chapters, which describe André Maurois's campaign in America to restore the honour of France's name.

Translation

I QUARREL with the translation of *Call No Man Happy*. The translators, I see, are two—but in this case two heads do not seem to have been better than one. I have no reason to.

(Concluded on page 408)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

DURING one of those intestinal crusades which attack most

people at regular or irregular intervals throughout life, I became an enthusiastic vegetarian. Through my stomachic eye I saw an interior life lived glibly and in happy repose which would keep me energetic until I was ninety and brain-clear until I reached the exclusive centenarian circle. True, when I gazed around at my fellow-vegetarians I became anxious to know if they became vegetarians because they had red-noses or achieved red noses through being vegetarians. I'm afraid I never quite solved that interesting problem.

After six months of leaving the restaurant daily feeling like a tightly-inflated balloon, only an hour later to feel like a deflated tyre, I concluded that, on the whole, my spirits retained their buoyancy better on beefsteak! Thus another intestinal crusade came to an end, only to be revived later by a firm belief in the efficacy of morning salts as the surest road to rheumatic salvation. Nevertheless, I did not break with my earlier love all at once. I still continued to find "renewed strength" by sprinkling on my early-morning porridge a powdered substance which looked and tasted like sawdust; the cumulative effect of which could only be dissipated by pills and gave me headaches in the meanwhile.

The restaurant, however, catered for the mind as well as for the body. At the entrance one could accept a small flag which, pinned on the coat, would indicate if one desired to be spoken to or to remain

wrapped in thought. If the flag flew horizontally one desired to be alone; if in a perpendicular position, a friendship, which might turn out to be lifelong, flew symbolically to meet the first smile. The only danger was that the flag might be unfurled, at the very moment when the reddest nose in the restaurant came to share your table! How to furl it, and furl it quickly, set an immediate problem. However, one became so adept at suddenly lifting one's napkin, simulating a genteel sneeze and doing a sleight-of-hand at the same moment, that a conjurer had nothing on one in that quickness which deceives the eye.

All the same, it struck me as an excellent idea. It would be so pleasant in daily life to sport an emblem which would indicate a chatty mood or the reverse. It is so annoying to be talked to by strangers, or even intimates, when the brain feels as dull as a wartime sausage and the spirit yearns for the solitude of caverns. It is equally annoying when, taking a sudden fancy to a stranger, both of you are too shy, with the shyness which often comes from mutual attraction, to utter a solitary word! How lovely it would be if we could indicate by a flag just when we were beginning to feel a trifle bored, without the conversation having to peter out. The right entrances and the exits of emotional life are only achieved as a rule when you have become so doddering that only your exits are of the slightest interest to anybody! A pity—when both, well-timed, are part of the secret of popularity.



Brain — Saunders

F/Lt. John Henry Patrick Brain, R.A.F.V.R., of The Croft, Dinas Powis, Glamorgan, son of the late W. H. Brain, and Mrs. Brain, D.B.E., married Joan Christine Boulton Saunders, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Saunders, of Stanmore, Middlesex, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Campbell — Mitchell

Capt. James Hylton Stuart Campbell, H.L.I., son of Major and Mrs. J. Campbell, of Solihull, Warwickshire, married Dorothy Rosemary Mitchell, daughter of the late Col. A. Mitchell, and Mrs. O. B. F. Planck, of Upper Richmond Road, London, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Poole, Dublin

MacDonald — Widger

Noel Kennan MacDonald, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur K. MacDonald, of Kildare Street, Dublin, married Olive Christine Widger, only daughter of the late J. W. Widger and Mrs. Widger, of Blackrock, Co. Dublin, at the University Church, Dublin

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Left: Major Gordon Dudley Jephson, M.C., Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, married Harriet Mary Elizabeth Tomlin, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. J. L. Tomlin, and the late Mrs. Tomlin, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

Right: Col. John Hugh Mackenzie, C.M.G., D.S.O., the Royal Scots, son of the late Major and Mrs. H. L. Mackenzie, and Helena Constance Strathearn Gordon, daughter of the late Rev. Hon. Arthur Gordon and the Hon. Mrs. Gordon, of Seale, Surrey, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

Jephson — Tomlin

Mackenzie — Gordon



Hopkins — Walmesley

Lt. (A.) Donald Hopkins, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Hopkins, of Wicklow, Eire, and Ashford, Kent, married Barbara Henden Walmesley, daughter of Major and Mrs. H. H. Walmesley, of 6, Bishop's Court, N., at St. Michael's, Highgate



Kershaw — Bertie

Capt. Ronald Frank Kershaw, 60th Rifles, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Kershaw, of Onston Hall, Crowth, Cheshire, and Mary Lucette Bertie, of Belsyre Court, Oxford, daughter of Capt. A. Bertie, M.C., and the late Mrs. Bertie, were married in London



Cochrane — Morley

Capt. J. A. Cochrane, D.S.O., M.C., son of Major and Mrs. J. A. Cochrane, of St. Michael's, Liverpool, married Louise Booth Morley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Morley, of Roslyn Heights, New York, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 393)

Victor Seely, who has been in an Italian camp. Many of his friends are hoping it may not be long before he is home again. He is one of the most amusing and entertaining of men and very popular everywhere he goes. He was on the staff in Libya and was taken prisoner when a general and several staff officers were captured in their car. He is a brother of Lord Sherwood and heir-presumptive to the baronetcy of Seely. In 1937 he married the lovely Mary Collins, who has been living in the country with her children since her husband went overseas.

Chickens at the Zoo

WALKING round the Zoo a short time ago, you would have been surprised to see ducks, pullets and bantams lined up cheek-by-jowl with polar bears. They had been sent by poultry-keepers all over the country to be auctioned for the benefit of the Red Cross Agriculture Fund. As an auctioneer, Lady Louis Mountbatten proved herself an expert—up to £6 was obtained for some of the birds—and a total of something in excess of £1600 was raised altogether, £700 more than last year. Among those who attended the sale were Sir Patrick Gower, Mr. R. W. Haddon, Chairman of the Red Cross Agriculture Fund, and Miss E. E. Kidd, who, as Chairman of the Small Live Stock Committee, organised the sale for the fourth year in succession.

Theatre News

THEATRE-GOERS are going to see two well-known stars in unusual roles in the near future. Max Miller is going into musical comedy on the legitimate stage, and Jessie Matthews into a straight, highly emotional role on the screen. Max is forsaking the variety platform for a time when Bernard Delfont puts on *Sailor, Beware*. The show is based on a straight comedy that has proved itself highly successful in America. Lyrics, now being written by Ian Grant, are to be added to the show, with music by Edward Horan. Jessie's new part is in a comedy-thriller called *The Mouse*, which is going to be made at Elstree. It will be her first film for five years—that is, not counting her all-too-brief appearance in the Hollywood British stars' film, *For Ever and a Day*.

Centenary Party at the Comedy

THE one-hundredth performance of *The Fur Coat* at the Comedy Theatre was celebrated with a party on the grand scale. In the absence of Mr. Bernard Delfont, Miss de Casalis, accompanied by her airman-husband, S/Ldr. Douglas Stephenson, A.F.C., was hostess, with her co-star of the play, Mr. Henry Kendall, as host. S/Ldr. Stephenson had brought along a number of his flying friends, including G/Capt. "Sailor" Malan, the O.C. Biggin Hill; G/Capt. Jamie Rankin, W/Cdr. Wyckham Barnes, W/Cdr. Harry Campbell, S/Ldr. Tony Bartley and S/Ldr. Roger Casalis de Pury, the hostess's brother. Stage celebrities from every theatre in London thronged the stage. Jack Buchanan was there; so was Elsie Randolph, accompanied by her black French poodle; Ivor Novello, with his understudy, Barry Sinclair; Billy Milton; Iris Hoey; film producer Brian Desmond Hurst; Terence Rattigan, in R.A.F. uniform; Michael North and Hal Block, representing the B.B.C.; Mrs. Rosie Macdonell, widow of the author, A. G. Macdonell; Douglas Byng; Natasha Sokolova; and Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold.



Two Recent Film Weddings in America

Elissa Landi, film actress and author, and Curtiss Kinney Thomas, the author, were married at Christ Church, Park Avenue, New York

The marriage of Marie Elizabeth Sieber, daughter of Marlene Dietrich, and Dean Goodman, the actor-playwright, took place a short time ago in America

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 406)

think that their version is at any point incorrect, and I might be exceeding my rights if I called it slovenly, but ungainly and sometimes tasteless it very certainly is. Why should not André Maurois's notably compact and lucid French be rendered into an English that is equally good? Here the effect, in English, of some of the sentences is almost grotesque—no effort seems to have been made to give them the English, instead of the French, form. The result is a parody of André Maurois's style. One is irritatingly reminded on almost every page that what one is reading is "only a translation." That the book, read like this, can continue to hold one's interest is a tribute to its inherent force.

The translation, as one can see, is American, and one finds it hard to be grateful for this particular export. Translation can be an art in itself—as Scott Moncrieff and Anthony Goldsmith showed. The reforming of sentences in another language, without the loss of their sense, shape and atmosphere, needs unremitting thought, as well as feeling for style. But if a book be worth translating at all—and *Call No Man Happy* certainly is—may we not, in England, demand a standard of excellence in the English in which it is to come to us?

Ernie's Progress

THE successor to a widely successful first novel is bound to be exactly criticised. So much so that some authors come to regard their early successes as millstones around their literary necks. Richard Llewellyn's *How Green Was My Valley* was, as you will remember, destined to travel far. Let me say at once that, as a follow-up, *None but the Lonely Heart* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), which has just reached me, should disappoint no one, though it may puzzle some.

The scene is London—the London of stuffy, neighbourly side-streets, tram-clanging main streets, pawnshops, fun fairs, pubs, cafés, dives and palais de danse. The time is the inter-war years. The hero is one Ernest Verdun Mött, ex-war-baby of the last war, whose second Christian name dates his father's death. Ernie is rising nineteen: he suffers from pimples, from warped romanticism and from a conception of Ernie so crazily godlike that it must be expressed in capitals—the author writes "He" and "Him." "His" Ma keeps a pawnshop, glorified by a façade of antique and second-hand furniture dealing, and concealing a dangerous sideline that one suspects early. Ernie's father, though undomestic and shiftless from Ma's point of view, had been a painter of promise, even of genius—one of his pictures is in the Tate Gallery.

Accordingly, Ernie is convinced that he is an Artist. This fantasy protects him against reality, till it gives place to a second—that he is a master crook. Outwardly, frankly, he is a twerp. More importantly, he is—as Mr. Llewellyn contrives, without any comment, to show—a tragic product of our so-called civilisation. We watch his drift out of work (he had been apprenticed to a small Italian art-dealer, who believed in his father) into loafing, then into crime. As a picture of London's gangster world, with its cheap big-boys and their following of lost adolescents, *None but the Lonely Heart* is probably without parallel.

Ernie, living on Ma—whose capacious humanity is well drawn—lives for Ada, the reigning blonde at the Fun Fair. His affections are better placed than one might expect, for Ada—of the Veronica Lake hair and Mae West figure—is a fine young creature (though bitter) in her own way. Ada, though not without spare-time kindness for Ernie, can see fatally well where he gets off. His artist-fantasy fails to impress her (and rightly, for the fact of the matter is that Ernie is bored by the very sight of a picture, besides having been too lazy to learn to paint), and it is she who warns him against his crook career, of which, all the same, she is the unwilling cause.

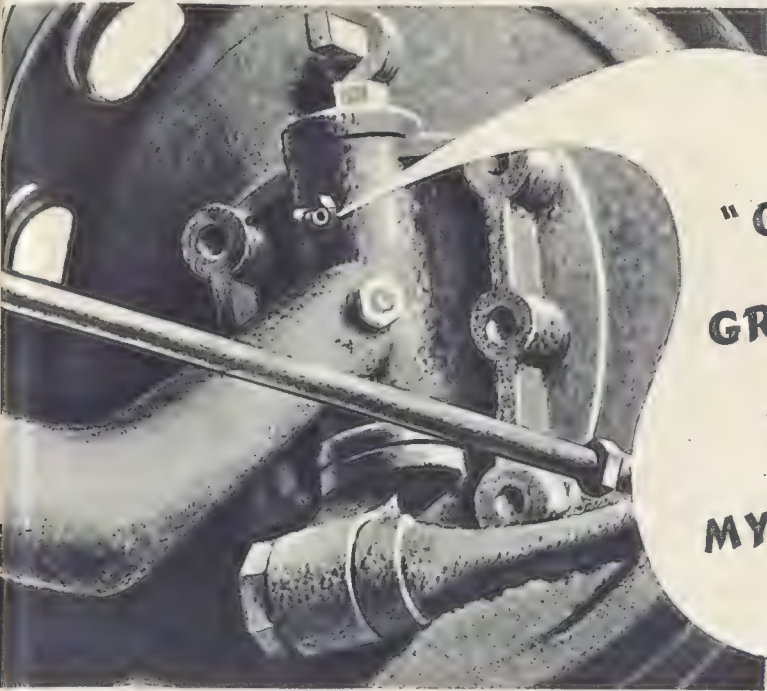
Things As They Happen

MR. LLEWELLYN, for the telling of Ernie's story, employs the stream-of-consciousness method—in places confusing, as by its rules almost nothing can be directly explained, but, in the main, most effective for his purpose. You feel the exact impact, on this non-hero, of everything as it happens. The "school" for smash-and-grab raiding, the intoxication of the debut in this profession, the raid on the club, the car-chase—all stand out. So do the treacly glamour of the palais de danse and the frowzy kindness of Ma's back-shop. The novel also abounds in characters, such as "the Monk" and Henry, of a super-Dickensian macabre queeriness. And the drowning man in the sewer is unforgettable.

Sunnier Sub-World

"SUNSET OVER SOHO," the latest detective story from Gladys Mitchell (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), has, oddly enough, also an underworld setting, but here everything is fantastic, and so shown as to spare the conscience of you and me. Our friend Mrs. Bradley is once again on the warpath—also a somewhat cryptic young novelist, with an addiction to life on the river, and an amorous water-nymph figure. The hunt begins with the discovery of a coffin, containing a three-year-old corpse, in a Soho rest centre the morning after a blitz. *Sunset Over Soho* is, for my tastes, a trifle wild; all the same, it shows the expected distinction of Miss Mitchell's fancy, and of her pen.

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Haig

NO FINER WHISKY

GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



A Page for Women by M.E. Brooke.



A welcome form of economy is the long black skirt and the contrasting blouse. Many variations may be wrought on this scheme. The blouses range from those of chiffon to rayon. There are short skirts to harmonise if preferred. Jays (model collection)



Nothing is more practical than a twin set. The one above may be worn both with and without the cardigan: the latter has long sleeves. The skirt which completes the scheme is of fancy striped flannel. Lillywhite



There is an air of distinction about this woolly winter coat. It is admirably tailored and cut, therefore it has the much-to-be-desired slimming effect. It is warm and light: the sleeves are neat and the pockets practical. Jaeger

ECONOMIES IN WARTIME



The nightie is of Celanese crepe-de-chine with gathered bodice. The sleeves and round neck are bound with contrasting colours in four pastel shades. The fabricating medium washes and wears well. Celanese



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Stories from Everywhere

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On his arrival home his wife, much to his astonishment, reminded him that he had gone away in the morning on the bike. He took the next bus for the city and to his surprise found the machine where he had left it. As a token of his appreciation of the honesty of his fellow-citizens he decided to make an offering to the less fortunate ones. So he went into a church and deposited a contribution to the poor box.

With his heart full of joy and feeling of rectitude he left the church—and found that his bicycle was gone.

TOMMY had been given a shilling by his mother, but he omitted to thank her for it. She was naturally somewhat annoyed.

"Tommy," she said, "aren't you forgetting something? What ought people to say when they get something?"

"I dunno."

"You don't know! Why, what do I say when daddy gives me money?"

"Huh! Is that all?" quoted Tommy promptly.

FROM the U.S. Pacific Coast comes this fabulous tale of the launching of another of Henry Kaiser's famous hurry-up ships. Kaiser personally escorted a beautiful young lady, who was to sponsor the ship, through the yard and up the steps to the bunting-decked launching platform. There he handed her the beribboned bottle of champagne and told her to get set.

The puzzled young lady looked over the rail. nothing was to be seen but a newly laid keel far below.

"But, Mr. Kaiser," she objected, "there isn't any ship!"

"Hurry up," exclaimed the shipbuilder excitedly. "Start swinging!"



*"I'm merely softening you up
before your father comes home"*

AMONG the ardent feminists arrested during the suffragette movement were an elderly crusader, often in jail for the cause, and a young girl sentenced for the first time and taking it very hard. They were assigned to adjoining cells. Presently the older woman heard the younger sobbing. She rapped energetically on the dividing wall, and called: "There, there, don't cry! Put your trust in God—She will protect you!"

As a young man, John D. Rockefeller exhibited the same sense of thrift which characterised his later years. Never much of a dresser, he was often seen with a patch on his coat and a shine on his baggy trousers. His appearance bothered him but little, but his friends often pointed out that such attire was not fitting for a man of his position.

"Why do you dress so shabbily?" asked one friend. "You certainly can afford better clothes."

"What's wrong with these?" demanded the budding oil magnate.

"Everything," was the reply. "Your father would be ashamed of you. You know how neatly he used to dress."

"But," protested young Rockefeller, "this is a suit of my father's I'm wearing now."

THE squire showed his guest to his bedroom. "I hope you're not nervous, old chap," he said, "but this room is supposed to be haunted."

"Haunted!" exclaimed the guest. "What by?"

"A wraith—a spectre!" replied the host.

"A w-w-what?"

"A wraith—you know, a ghost."

The guest gave a deep sigh of relief and the colour returned to his cheeks.

"Oh, that's all right!" he said. "At first I thought you said a rate collector!"

SEVERAL bombers were preparing to land at an aerodrome at Albuquerque, New Mexico, when the control-tower operator ordered them to remain aloft. Several minutes ticked by before the delay was explained. Then the operator said: "Keep circling. Emergency on ground. Unidentified dog having pups in middle of airfield."

PAT was trudging along the road, carrying a large sack of potatoes on his back, when he was overtaken by a man driving a horse and cart.

The driver offered Pat a lift, which he gladly accepted. But he sat there, still with the sack on his back.

"Put them down in the cart," suggested the driver.

"Shure," Pat replied, "I'm thankful for the lift ye give me, but I don't want ye to be burdened with the taters as well."

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Peace Values

MONEY has never been recognised in its primary function as a universal leveller or de-classer. In the days of peace a man who had fourpence was lord of creation to the extent of fourpence. He could call upon any shopkeeper to jump to it and bring him a lead pencil and be sure of being obeyed instantly and politely. In peace time aviation money was equally well established as the arbiter of action. Those who possessed ten pounds were perpetually canvassed by the operating companies and urged to buy a travel ticket. But few will deny that as monopoly comes in, the beneficent power of money goes out.

If there were one and only one world air line, the idea that passengers would be able to have some say in the quality of its service would be illusory. The world air line would give the passengers what it thought was good for them and if they did not like it they could walk. That is ever the way of the monopoly. It side-tracks the power of the purse. It establishes its own standards of service and if it thinks that they are good enough it is of no consequence whether the customers agree or not. This is really the basis of the argument against a monopoly company for British air lines in the future. It would prevent the giving or withholding of money from influencing the efficiency and development of the air services.

U.S. Influence

THE United States are clear as to their views on the evils of monopoly in air transport and they have stated them more than once. I am inclined to think that American opinion has had its effect on British opinion and that this effect has been produced to some extent by the interchange of aeronautical personages between the two countries.

There has been of late much coming and going and most of it has been to the advantage of the two countries. Mr. Woods Humphrey, for instance, has been in England lately and he has had the opportunity

of talking over civil aviation matters with many of his old friends of the Imperial Airways days. Opinion seems to be that it would be a good thing if we could prevail upon Mr. Woods Humphrey to return to this country permanently because he is the one really experienced overseas aircraft operator we have. He saw Imperial Airways through their most difficult period, a period during which pioneer work was in progress and during which small mistakes in any direction could have had big results. He also established the Empire lines and brought into service some of the most interesting civil machines. In fact, he possesses more practical knowledge of the inner working of commercial flying than almost anybody in Britain.

I say "almost" because we have a few men who have been running the internal airways for years and who know the job from A to Z. But unfortunately it is the British way to do everything possible to prevent these people from applying their knowledge to the great air lines to come. In fact, I do not think that I have heard a mention in Parliament of any of these highly competent men, men who have made flying pay in their own relatively small fields and who really know the subject. Upon application I would be willing to name some of them to those interested. But that makes me wonder who is really interested.

Parliamentary Interest

THE trouble seems to be that the ordinary Member of Parliament has to range over such a huge variety of subjects that he cannot possibly specialise in any of them. And, after all, aviation is a very small thing compared with such matters as food, and sleep and lodging and sex. These are the things which—naturally enough—occupy the attention of our Members of Parliament. They cannot devote the attention needed to aviation to put the matter in its



F/Lt. Harry Deane Macdonald, D.F.C. and bar, R.C.A.F., has destroyed three enemy aircraft and damaged others since being awarded his D.F.C., and his total bag is at least eight. He has displayed fine leadership and gallantry

true light. We have views expressed which are obviously derived from people in aviation but which have lost the transitional process of their original bite. It takes a good reporter (whether he be a Member of Parliament or not) to render correctly the opinions that are put to him by the specialist. All of which makes one wonder whether there is not scope for the special committee to offer recommendations about the future progress of civil aviation. That would include gliding, about which there is at the moment a good deal of uncertainty. Gliding has been used effectively for the Air Training Corps (though less widely than had been hoped for many of its members) but there is as yet no hint of policy

regard to gliding after the war.

Gliding

IT may be recalled that gliding was one of the means whereby the Germans, after the war of 1914-1918, evaded the so-called "Nine Rules" which were drawn up to implement the Versailles Treaty. The Germans were able to continue their aeronautical development work through the medium of gliding and by this means they were able to do a great deal of progress designing. In Great Britain before the present war there was a great increase in the amount of gliding that was going on. It has been useful for helping in the training of cadets. In fact, it could be used a great deal more for this purpose and would, I believe, give a real fillip. Cadets tend to get weary of continual classes and want a frequent taste of air. They ought to have more chance to fly and to take over the controls in flight—leaving landing and taking off instructions to the time they are under training. Gliding would help in giving cadets air experience. There is too little of it at present.

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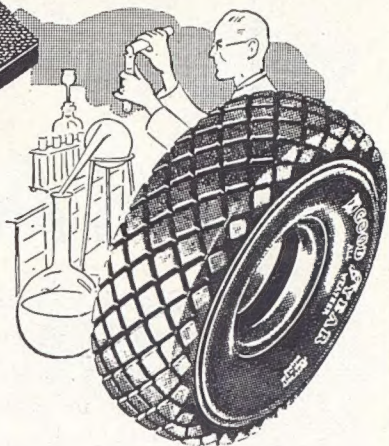


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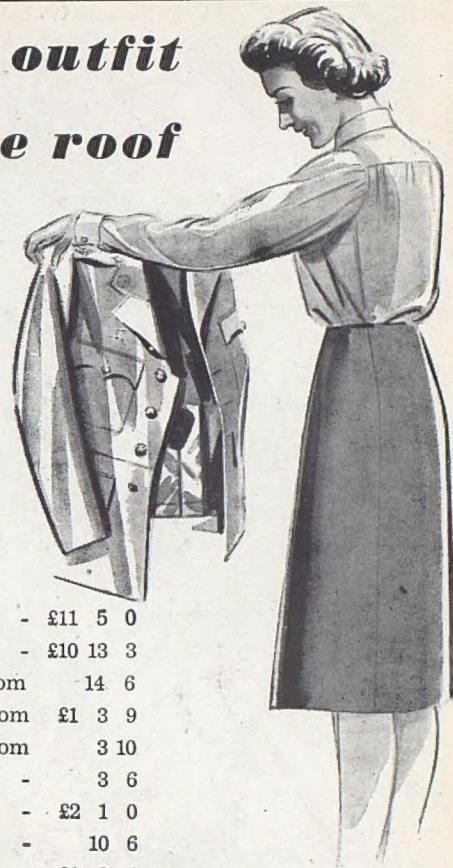
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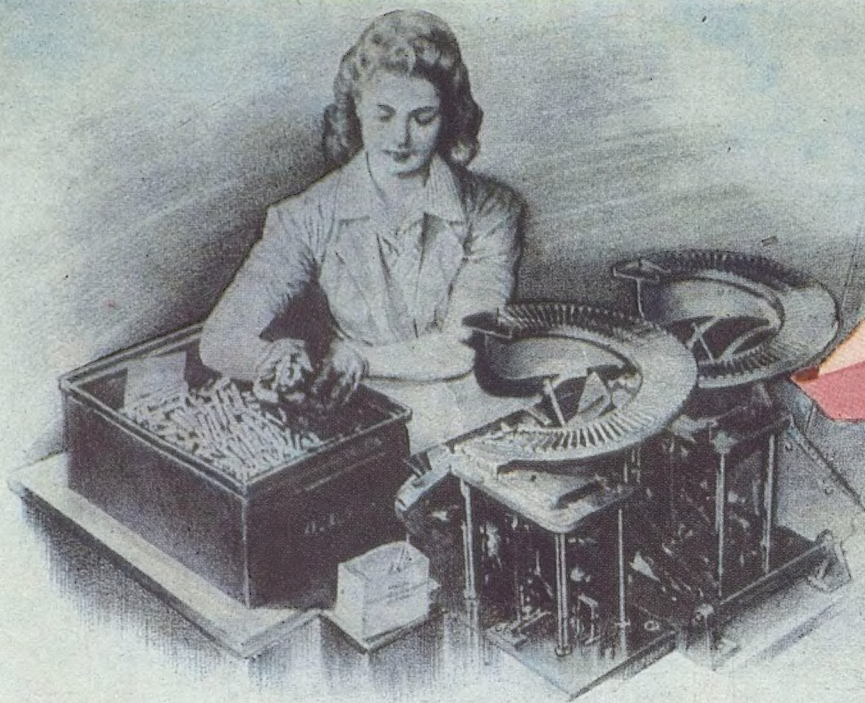
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